

A little book about the gentle, BIG giant who sneezed up a storm ...

A visual delight for children, superbly illustrated by Suddhasattwa Basu. Excerpted and retold from *Yaruingam*, a novel by Birendra Kumar Bhattacharyya, eminent Asomiya writer and winner of several prestigious national awards like the Sahitya Akademi award in 1961 and the Jnanpith award in 1979.

for children



Rs 80

the story of  
**Shangmiya**  
the tangkhul giant

Rs 20

By Birendra Kumar Bhattacharyya . Excerpted

retold from his novel, *Yaruingam*

Art by Suddhasattwa Basu







This book belongs to

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KATHA

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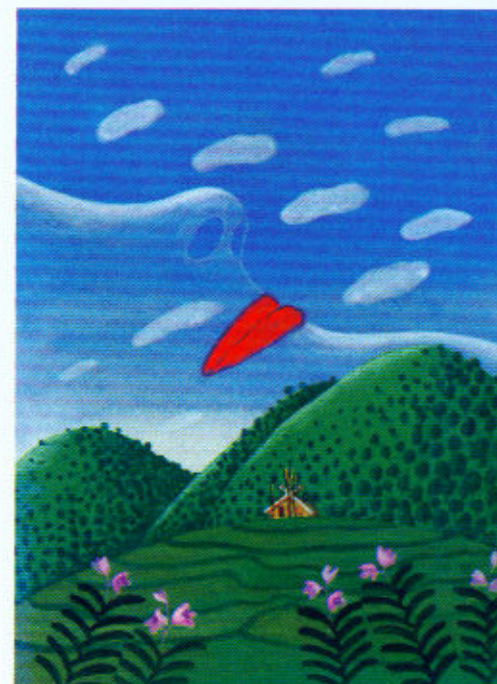
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the story of  
**Shangmiyang**  
the tangkhul giant



By Birendra Kumar Bhattacharyya  
Excerpted and retold from his novel, *Yaruingam*  
Art by Suddhasattwa Basu







**K**oncheng's favourite home in the whole wide world was his grandmother's house. It nestled amongst the hills where the Shiroi Lily grew – the only place where it grew! The house was long with a set of rickety steps leading up to it. It was made of bamboo and cane.



Every night Koncheng's grandmother told him a story. But his favourite story was about Shangmiyang.

"Shangmiyang!" said Grandma Atib as she sat in her house, wrapped in her chonkhom, the red and white shawl.

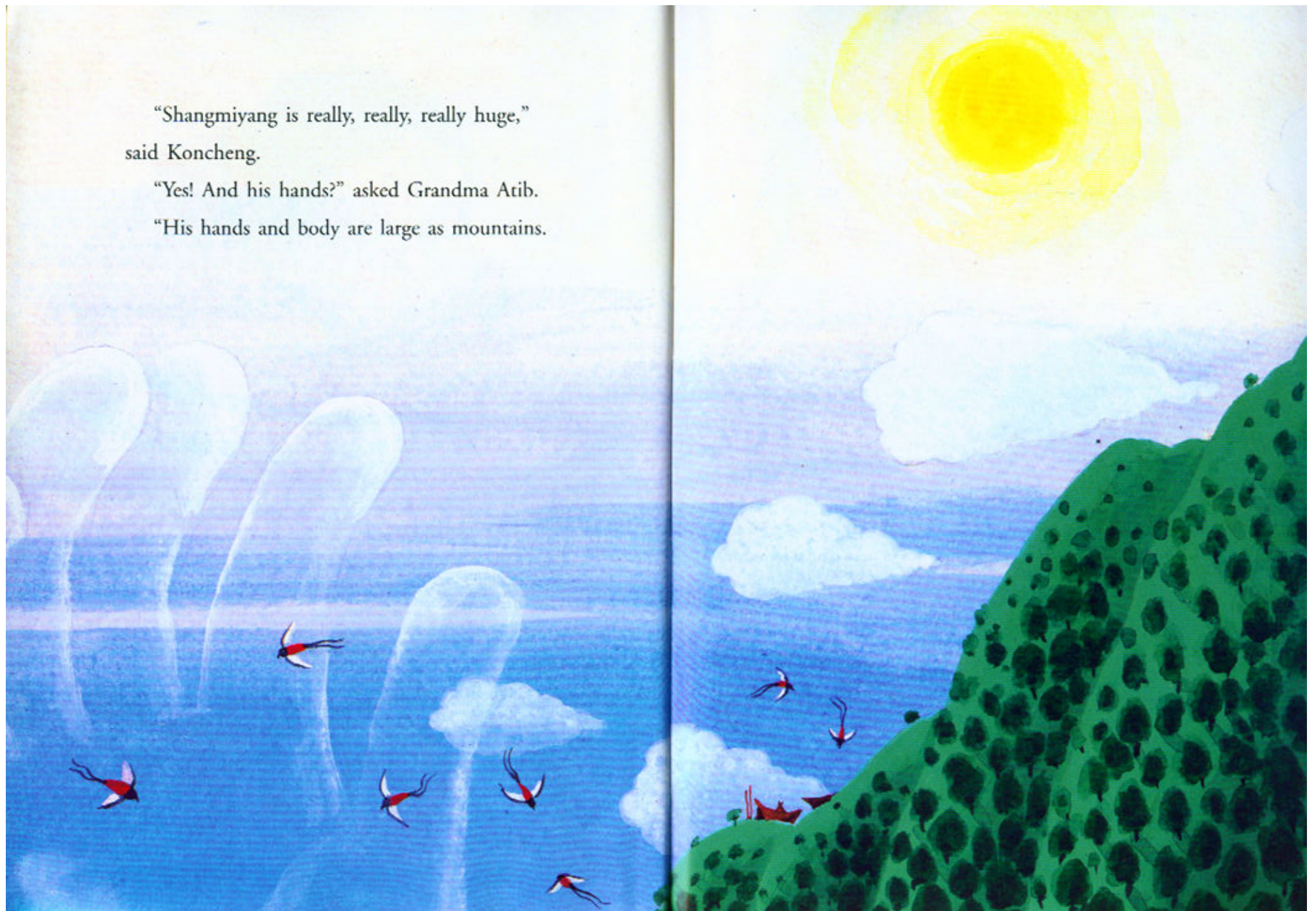




"Shangmiyang is really, really, really huge,"  
said Koncheng.

"Yes! And his hands?" asked Grandma Atib.

"His hands and body are large as mountains."

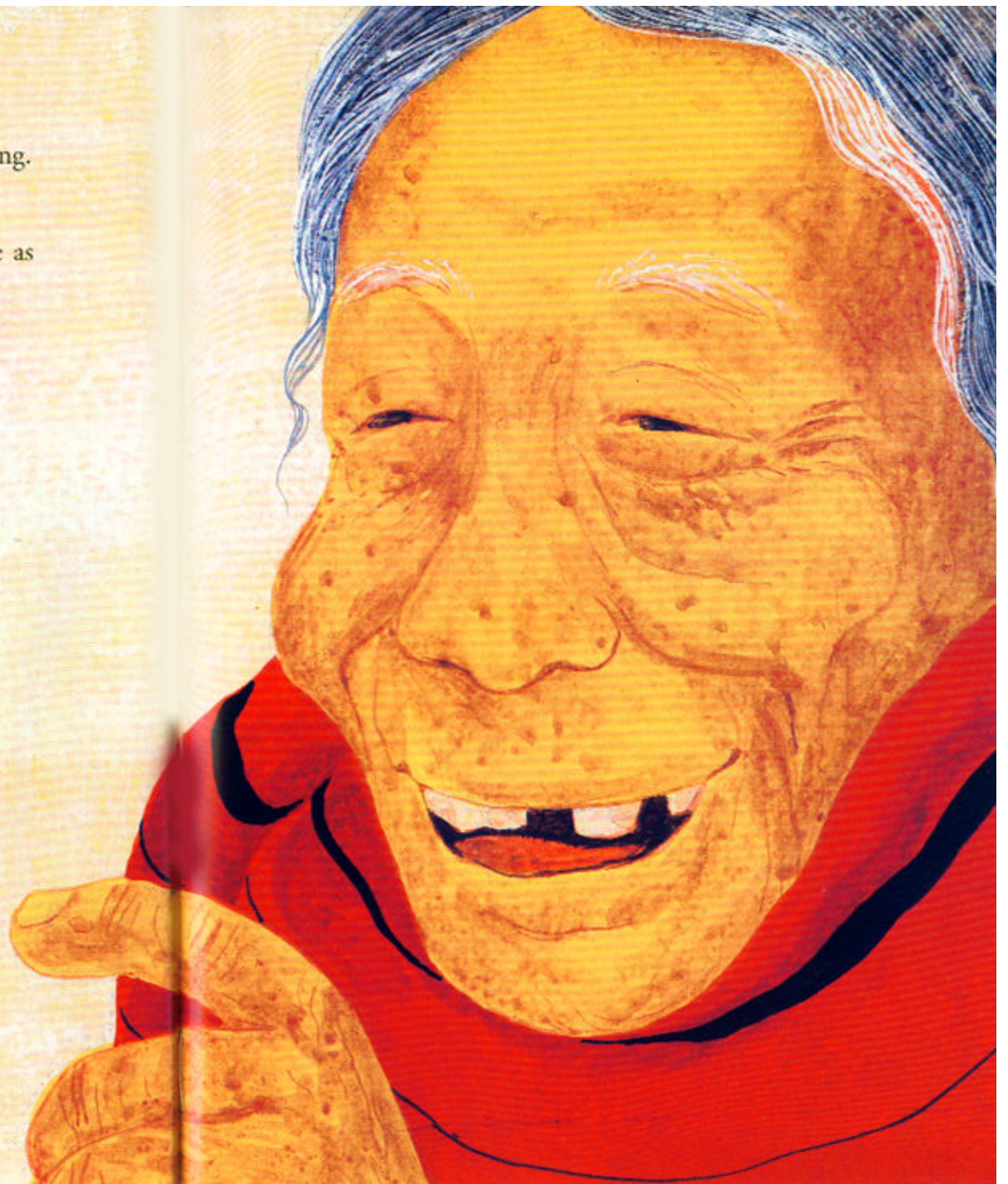




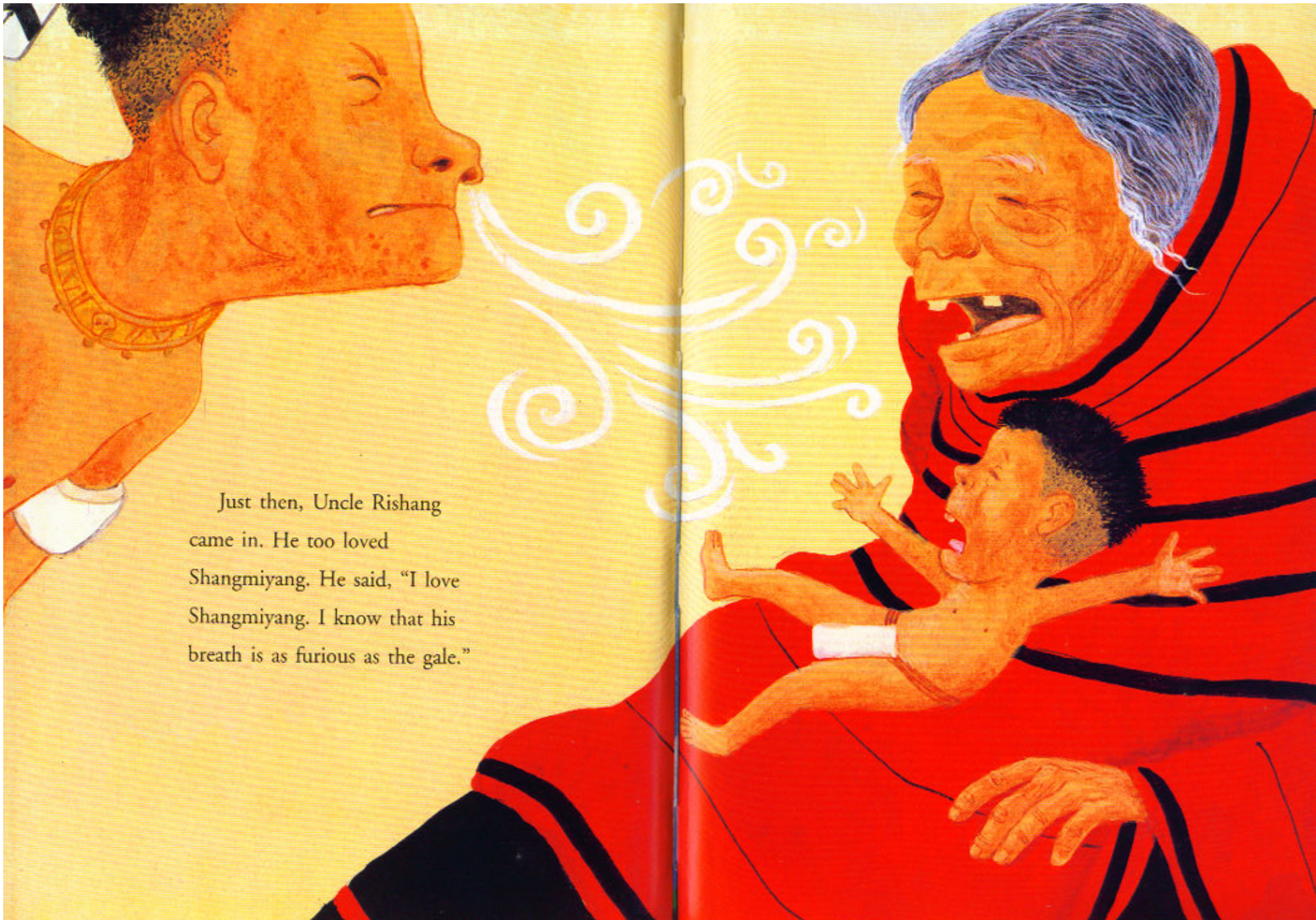
And his face is as wide as the sky," said Koncheng.

His eyes grew wide!

His grandmother laughed. "And his eyes, are as shiny as the sun."





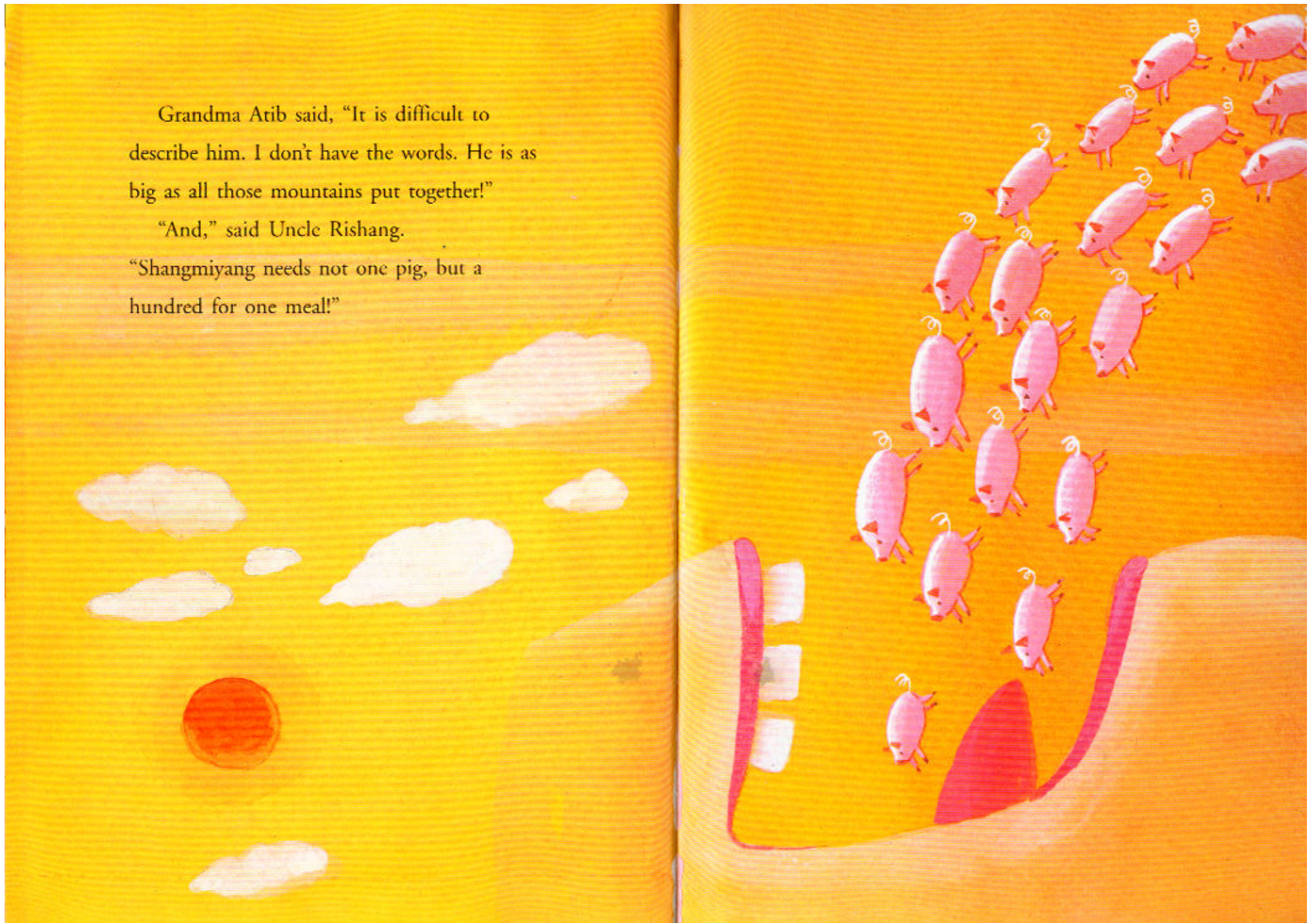


Just then, Uncle Rishang  
came in. He too loved  
Shangmiyang. He said, "I love  
Shangmiyang. I know that his  
breath is as furious as the gale."



Grandma Atib said, "It is difficult to describe him. I don't have the words. He is as big as all those mountains put together!"

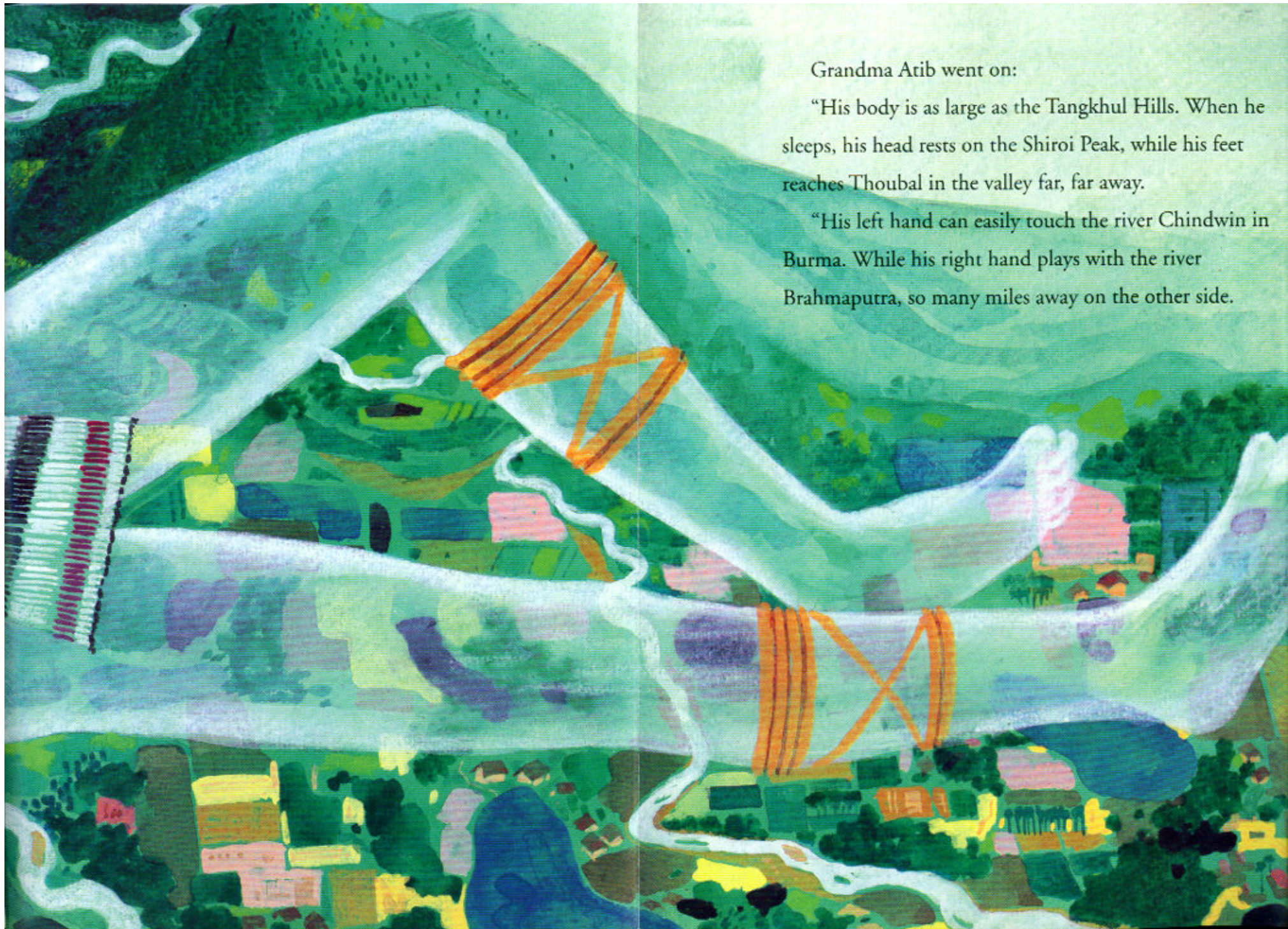
"And," said Uncle Rishang.  
"Shangmiyang needs not one pig, but a hundred for one meal!"











Grandma Atib went on:

“His body is as large as the Tangkhul Hills. When he sleeps, his head rests on the Shiroy Peak, while his feet reaches Thoubal in the valley far, far away.

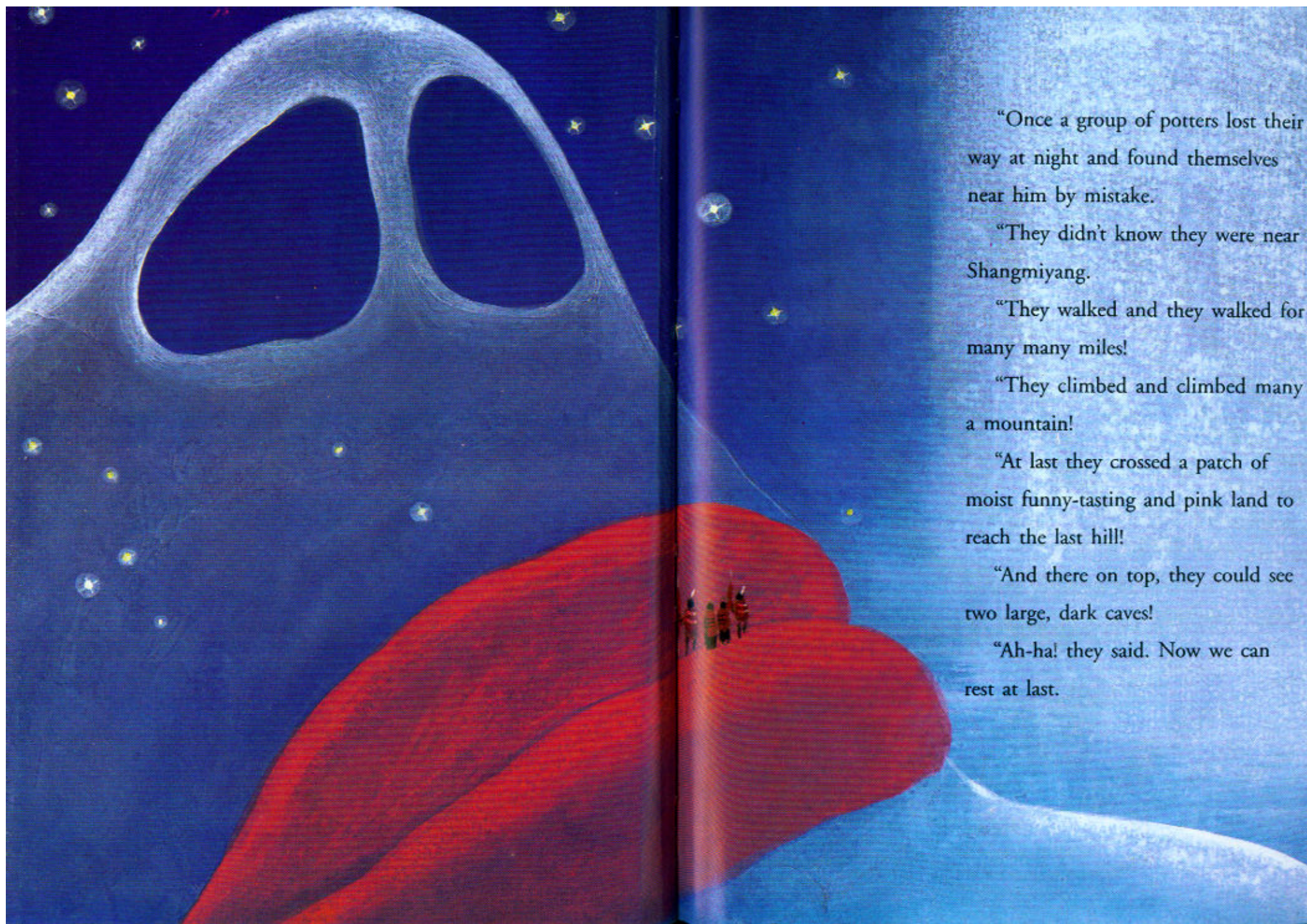
“His left hand can easily touch the river Chindwin in Burma. While his right hand plays with the river Brahmaputra, so many miles away on the other side.





“Shangmiyang is large and kind and a magnificent demon! One breath of his could sweep away mountains to the other end of the earth!”





"Once a group of potters lost their way at night and found themselves near him by mistake.

"They didn't know they were near Shangmiyang.

"They walked and they walked for many many miles!

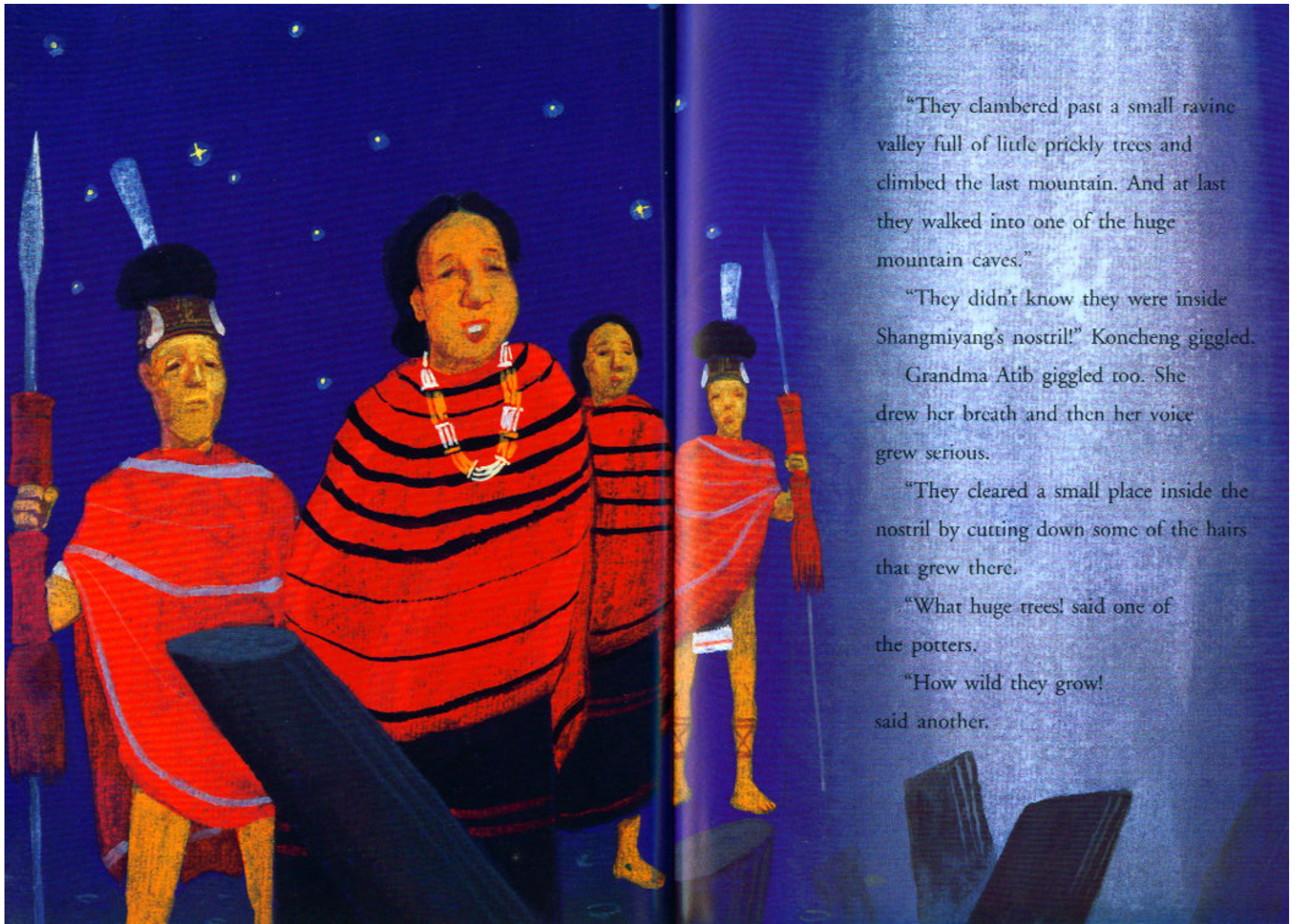
"They climbed and climbed many a mountain!

"At last they crossed a patch of moist funny-tasting and pink land to reach the last hill!

"And there on top, they could see two large, dark caves!

"Ah-ha! they said. Now we can rest at last.





"They clambered past a small ravine valley full of little prickly trees and climbed the last mountain. And at last they walked into one of the huge mountain caves."

"They didn't know they were inside Shangmiyang's nostril!" Koncheng giggled.

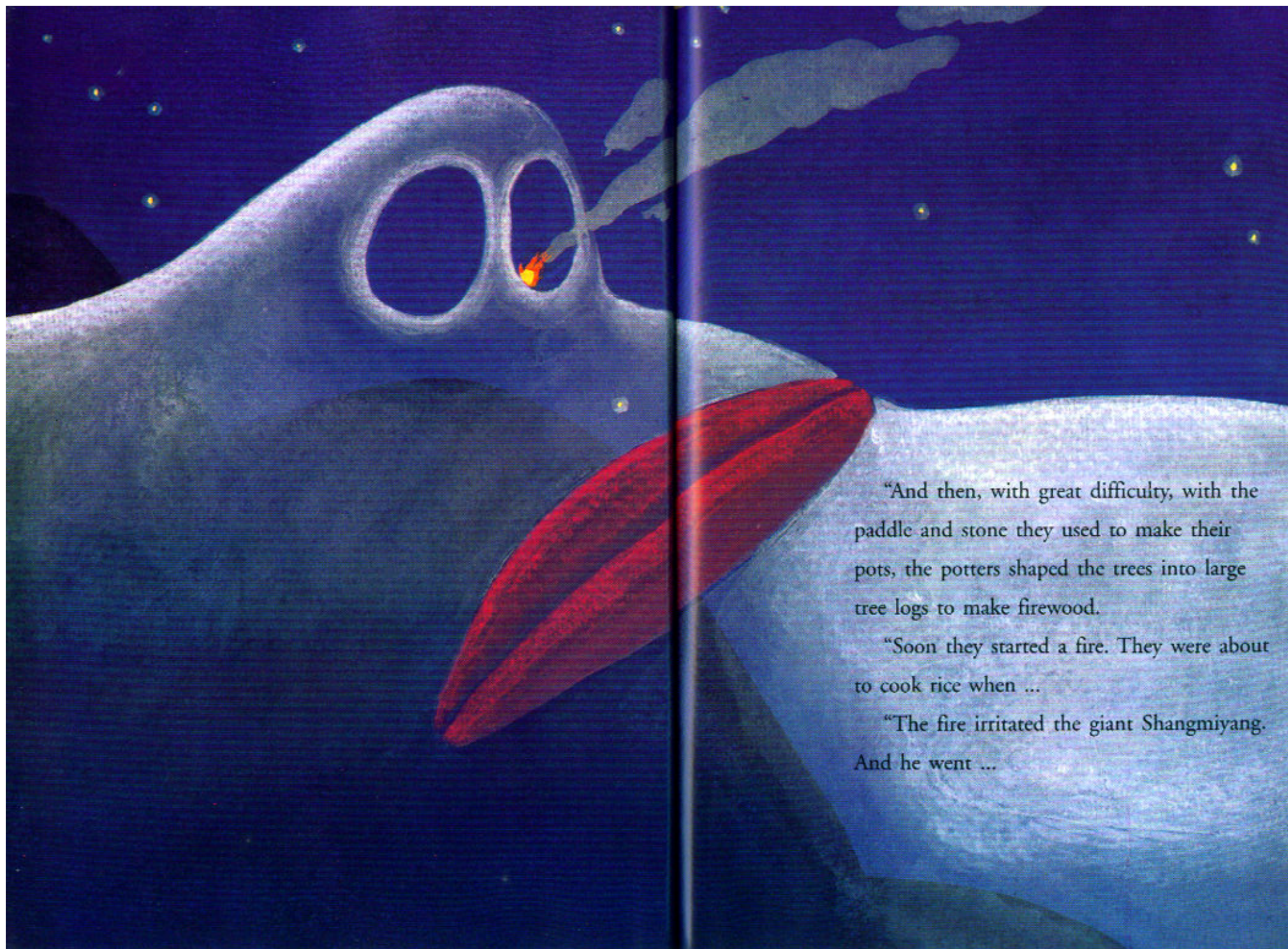
Grandma Atib giggled too. She drew her breath and then her voice grew serious.

"They cleared a small place inside the nostril by cutting down some of the hairs that grew there.

"What huge trees! said one of the potters.

"How wild they grow! said another.



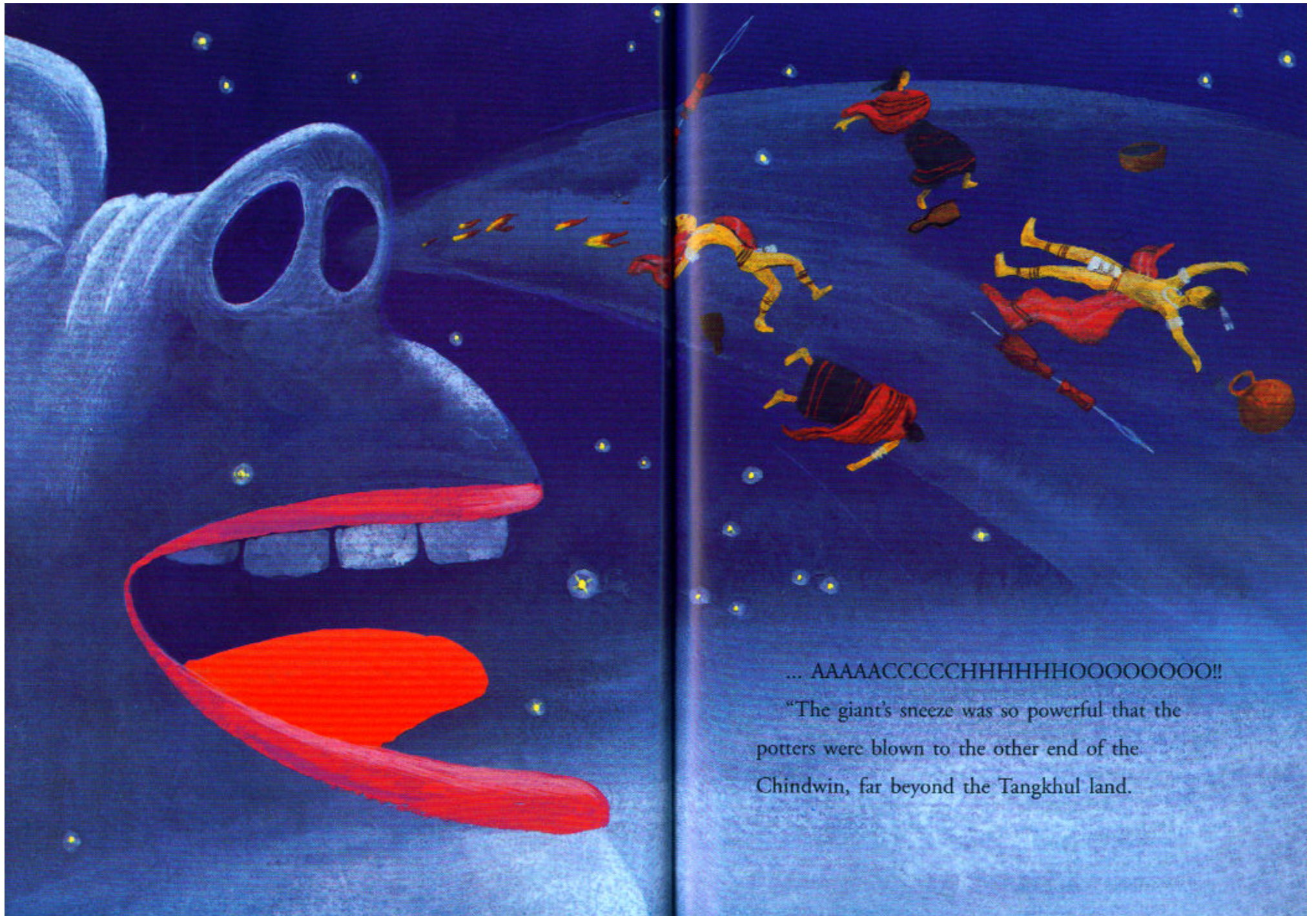


"And then, with great difficulty, with the paddle and stone they used to make their pots, the potters shaped the trees into large tree logs to make firewood.

"Soon they started a fire. They were about to cook rice when ...

"The fire irritated the giant Shangmiyang. And he went ...





... AAAAACCCCCHHHHHHHOOOOOOOOO!!

"The giant's sneeze was so powerful that the potters were blown to the other end of the Chindwin, far beyond the Tangkhul land.





“That’s why you find so many Tangkhul potters all over the place today,” finished Koncheng’s grandmother. “From one end of the world to the other.”

“And Shangmiyang?” asked Koncheng.

“Well, he went off to sleep again. For he was dreaming about the Shiroi Fairy and the day she lost her lily!”

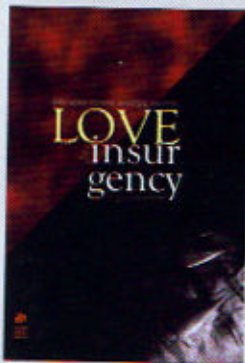


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Birendra Kumar Bhattacharyya was a poet, a short story writer and a novelist of repute. He wrote twenty novels, sixty short stories, a hundred poems, ten plays and innumerable essays and articles. He has also translated classics from Bengali and English into Assamese. *The Story of Shangmiyang, the Tangkhul Giant*, is excerpted and retold from his novel, *Yaruingam*, which fetched him the Sahitya Akademi award in 1961. He also won the Jnanpith award in 1979 for *Mrityunjaya*.

Suddhasattwa Basu is a renowned illustrator, painter and maker of animation films for television. For *The Song of a Scarecrow*, a picture book written and illustrated by him, he won the Katha Chitrakala Award 2002 and received an honourable mention at the Biennial of Illustrations 2003, Bratislava. He has also illustrated *Ka: The Story of Garuda* for Katha.

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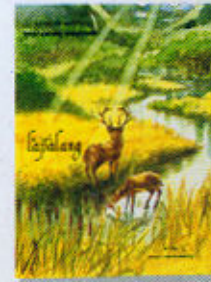
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